

TRIBUTE TO DR. SAM ROBINSON

• Mr. McCONNELL. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to my friend Dr. Sam Robinson on the occasion of his retirement as president of the Lincoln Foundation in Louisville, Kentucky.

Sam has been a tireless advocate for the Lincoln Foundation in his 26 years as president, making a difference in the lives of countless young Kentuckians. Sam has worked toward a worthy mission at the Foundation: to help underprivileged children get an education so that they can have a better chance at succeeding in professional life. I applaud your commitment to this cause, Sam, and offer sincere thanks for the good work you have done.

One of the projects Sam has been most passionate about during his time at the Lincoln Foundation is the Whitney M. Young Scholars Program. Sam's ingenuity got the ball rolling for this project, which is a four-year college scholarship program. Since the program's inception, Whitney M. Young scholarships have enabled hundreds of bright young people to attend college who could not have otherwise afforded the expense of an education.

Sam's legacy of service extends far beyond the Lincoln Foundation. His philanthropic and civic actions have resulted in his being honored with the Humanitarian Award from the Louisville Chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and being named "Man of the Year" by Sigma Pi Phi fraternity. Sam also has served on the boards of Bellarmine University, PNC Bank and the Kentucky State Board of Elementary and Secondary Education.

Dr. Sam Robinson's service to the Lincoln Foundation and the thousands of young people he has helped over the years will long be remembered and admired. His genuine compassion for underprivileged students will encourage and inspire Kentuckians for generations to come. Today, I say to Sam: best wishes for many more years of service, and know that your efforts to better the lives of others in Louisville and throughout Kentucky are recognized and appreciated. On behalf of myself and my colleagues in the United States Senate, thank you for giving so much of yourself for so many others.●

TRIBUTE TO ABE SCHRADER

• Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I want to call attention to the life of a man who so perfectly portrays the success and opportunity this country can provide if one puts in the effort.

Abe Schrader will celebrate his 100th birthday on October 15, 2000 with multitudes of friends and family. I am privileged to be included as one of those admirers and friends who will join with him that night.

Abe's life story is an example of how a belief in self and hard work can lead to success. He started his life in Amer-

ica at the age of 20 when he immigrated here from Poland. He arrived penniless but with a determination to succeed in his new homeland. Succeed he did as we can see from the story recently printed in the New York Times. Mr. President, I ask that the full text of that article be included in the RECORD.

I know Abe Schrader well and spend time with him on occasions. He is alert, bright and engaging. He manages his investments personally and has done a superb job with them.

I wish all America could meet this congenial, intelligent, caring individual. He is an inspiration for me and I believe could provide spirit and encouragement to all who face aging as to what can be with the right kind of effort and determination.

The article follows:

[From the New York Times, Sept. 28, 2000]

PUBLIC LIVES; AT 99, MAN OF FASHION FINDS
LIFE A GOOD FIT

(By Susan Sachs)

Clothes make the man, goes the old saw. You would not get an argument from Abe Schrader.

The garment business—in his case, manufacturing women's coats and better dresses for more than half a century—made him one of the kings of Seventh Avenue. Even now, gliding gracefully toward his 100th birthday next month, Mr. Schrader still appreciates the value of a well-cut suit of clothes.

Sitting yesterday in his apartment overlooking Central Park, reminiscing about the rag trade before it became the more high-hat fashion business, he was impeccably turned out in a blue cashmere jacket, gray slacks, crisp baby-blue shirt and gleaming black shoes. A red silk handkerchief that matched the shade of his tie peeked from his breast pocket.

"All my clothes are made to order," Mr. Schrader said, as he flipped open his jacket to show his Italian tailor's label. "Even when I made \$10 a week, I saved up my money all year and bought a custom suit."

This might sound strange coming from a man whose manufacturing company, the Abe Schrader Corporation, once dominated the city's ready-to-wear industry. But Mr. Schrader, a smallish man who once could burn up the dance floor at nightclubs like El Morocco, never found a good fit off the rack.

"I have a lust for life," he said, his Polish accent making the words especially rakish. "And especially on a dance floor, you've got to look good."

Last week, the city celebrated clothes with Fashion Week, an extravaganza of designer fashion shows meant to highlight New York as a fashion center. Mr. Schrader, who persuaded City Hall 35 years ago to name a stretch of Seventh Avenue "Fashion Avenue," followed it from afar.

"Some good, some bad," he said, diplomatically, on the spring 2001 styles on display.

Mr. Schrader retired from the clothing business 12 years ago, after watching it change from top to bottom.

When he started out, in the early 1920's, the industry was big enough to absorb waves of immigrants—Germans and Irish, followed by Eastern European Jews, then Italians. Seventh Avenue was the center of factories where garments were cut and sewn.

Now most factories have moved offshore in pursuit of cheap foreign labor. And many of the original independent apparel makers of Seventh Avenue were long ago gobbled up by conglomerates.

Mr. Schrader was one of the immigrants who built the business. He arrived in the United States at the age of 20 from Poland. His mother hoped he would continue his religious studies and become a rabbi. But Mr. Schrader had his father's business instincts. He started out as a contractor, hiring people to sew garments for a middleman who got the orders from a retailer.

Within a few years, the ambitious Mr. Schrader began his own manufacturing business, complete with a stable of designers, and dealt directly with retail stores. One of his first contracts was with the government for uniforms for the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

"I was," he recalled with a deadpan look, "an instant success."

Mr. Schrader's life might appear to mirror the archetypal turn-of-the-century immigrant tale. Think, for example, of the immigrant protagonist in the classic 1917 novel "The Rise of David Levinsky," torn between his rabbinical studies and the lucrative garment business.

But Mr. Schrader shrugged off the comparison. Although he can still toss of a Talmudic reference when pressed, he said godliness was not found in ritual or retreat from the world, but in doing good deeds. Besides, he explained: "Competition is a godsend. If you didn't have it, you'd pay double for your clothes."

For years, Mr. Schrader was also a fixture in the city's high society nightclubs, where he put his love of ballroom dancing on display.

That is how Pauline Trigere, the fashion designer whose coats were produced by the Schrader company for several years, first met Mr. Schrader. "It was on the dance floor at El Morocco," she said.

Ms. Trigere, who has been in the business almost as long as Mr. Schrader, gave him the supreme compliment from a designer: "When I made a collection, it was shown the way I made it. He never did something that hurt the garment."

Mr. Schrader retired in 1988, four years after he sold his business to Interco Inc. With time on his hands, he started, for the first time, to feel his age. "The first year I went from one museum to the other, one library to the other," he said. "Finally my son said to me, 'Here, Dad, take my car and chauffeur. Tell me, where would you like to go?' And I said, 'Wall Street.'"

Now, snappily dressed and eager as any 24-year-old dot-com millionaire, he goes each day at 1 p.m. to his own private office in the brokerage firm of Bishop, Rosen, where he trades stocks for his own account.

It is his joy, like dancing the waltz, although he admitted that "at 100, I'd be lying to tell you my feet are as good as they used to be."

He stays at his office until about 4:30 p.m., relishing that everyone calls him Abe, like a pal, instead of the stuffier Mr. Schrader.

"They treat me royally over there," Mr. Schrader said happily, settling into his car for the daily ride downtown. "It keeps me young."●

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT L. MCCURLEY, JR.

• Mr. SHELBY. Mr. President, I rise today to recognize Mr. Robert L. McCurley Jr., of Tuscaloosa, AL for his dedicated work on behalf of the Kiwanis International Foundation. Mr. McCurley retired on September 30, 2000 after two terms as the president of Kiwanis International's charitable arm. I commend him for his commitment to helping the less fortunate throughout the world.